

## THE STUDIO GIRL.

How She Lives and Works—The Bane of Her Existence is Food, But Even the Artist Must Eat.

BOSTON, May 27.—Just how many young women there are in the United States who live in studios it would be hard to estimate. Almost every good-sized city has a colony of them—artists and art students, musicians, a few literary workers, bachelor girls of various vocations and avocations. There are said to be about 5,000 people studying art in New York City, of whom a majority are women, and a considerable proportion women occupying studios and studio apartments. Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Washington and other cities have their studio buildings tenanted for the most part by professional artists and by young women who expect to become such. Everywhere they rub along in essentially the same way, with some differences due to local peculiarities, through friendships and artistic frenzies, through dreamlike and real accomplishment.

No wild Bohemian side has ever been extensively developed in this studio existence in this country—not even in gay New York; and if not in Gotham much less so in Boston where the artistic center of the city at Copley square has certainly nothing of the aspect of the Quartier Latin. You need not overhear your Murger and Du Maurier in the hope of learning what the art of life of Boston is like—you will only learn what it isn't like. Whatever a hard American may become when he goes to Paris before he dies, he will not acquire an inordinate love for beer and an extraordinary hatred for baths under the fierce light, which beats upon him from the illuminated dome of the state house. Among the professional artists of an American city there is ordinarily a spirit of hard work and respectable living, and the student of today follows their example.

Particularly is this so with the young girls who form a majority of the students. They have come to Boston for work, not play; and they go about their studies in the drawing, painting and designing classes at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts with the same serious and concentrated attention which they would give to any other intellectual task. To live up to the expectations of men like Edmund C. Tarbell, powerful among American painters, or Bela L. Pratt, one of the most accomplished of living sculptors, requires alert faculties. A day passed in standings for hours before an easel or a modelling stand does not incline one to frivolity in the evening; and the girl student is likely to keep early hours.

Nor when she becomes professional or semi-professional, working in her own studio, giving part of her time to painting portraits or miniatures or making book illustrations, do her habits change. The older women in the build-

ings about her—it may be Miss Cecelia Beaux, distinguished portrait painter, Miss Laura C. Hills, famous among miniaturists, or Mrs. Theo Ruggles Kittson, perhaps the best known of American women sculptors—are all in a measure of production, for these are prosperous days among competent craftsmen.

So the studio girl, anxious to lose no time, usually rises about 7 o'clock and prepares a hurried breakfast with the help, or sometimes the opposition, of her gas stove, and then does her best to make the room appear—and as well as if no cooking had ever been done in it, as indeed, there often hasn't been. For girls who prefer to save money rather than digestion have been known to breakfast morning after morning on pickles and pie. A case-hardened student, however, says that she has noticed a great improvement in this regard in the past two or three years, due perhaps to so much popular preaching about the benefits of health, young women at any rate are eating more wholesome food than they formerly ate.

Breakfast over, the studio maid, if she is still a student, goes over to her class at the museum school and settles down to a forenoon of hard drawing or painting from the live model. It is such an easy task. There is often some body far greater than is understood by the people who watch an artist at work and wish that they might have such an easy task. There is often some body regarding the light or the position and expression of the model, and always there are technical problems to solve and difficulties to overcome, while the mere physical exertion is rather wearing. To crown all, the art student is likely to end the morning's toil in a state of some of the discouragement to which brain-workers are so liable, and perhaps scrape out all that she has done, leaving literally nothing to show for her long hours of labor.

However, it is lunch time and lunch brings tea and tranquillity. A friend or several friends may drop in at this time, and either the gas stove is called upon again or they all go out to lunch and spend a merry hour in some near-by restaurant over croquettes and cake, with plenty of fun and "shop talk" for an accompaniment. After lunch the student returns to her class.

Some girls, however, who are fairly advanced plan to study in class only in the morning, working independently in the afternoon. For all as the light wanes the chance of successful painting diminishes, and the palette is duly scraped off late in the evening. The young artist may then offer 3 o'clock tea to possible, probable or inevitable callers, unless she becomes a possible, probable or inevitable caller herself at some other girl's studio.

By this time, as is natural, she is usually worn out, but she must nevertheless sally forth in search of dinner,

which may be a matter involving careful calculation as to expense when the month and its allowance are coming to an end together. The difference between a 25-cent and a 50-cent dinner may be a thing of moment at such a time, when an unwise but irresistible desire for some expensive dish will disorganize all one's little finances for a week to come.

In fact, the food question is the bane of the studio girl's life. Just when inspiration is at its height and she feels sure that she shall no longer be what Whistler called "the greatest artist in luncheon," she is obliged to leave off to run to the grocery (which is known as a "delicatessen" and may dispense "coney square" for butter, bread or beans. She is always out of something without which she cannot support life, and never discovers it until the very last moment. Then she is obliged to cook when she wants to be painting, and is prone to paint when she ought to be cooking. She often remarks: "It would be easy enough for artists if they didn't have to eat. The time, trouble and expense it takes could be much better expended in painting a new picture."

She sleeps in her studio, too, and regrets that sleeping also involves great waste of time. A couch, which is actually a big box artistically disguised with gay upholstery and of immense storage capacity, makes her a very roomy and comfortable bed unless she prefers a hammock, as many do, or camps down on the floor in Oriental fashion among an infinity of rugs and pillows. Her great preoccupation is to disguise all evidences of material uses which her belongings may display, and give the impression that the studio is a studio, nothing more, nothing less.

The girl artist, or art student, of course, has her social pleasures in the evening. They may include concerts and theatres, if her allowance is ample and well husbanded. Then in the studio building itself there are the occasional rabbit parties, caudy-mulls and musicales, and once a month a social meeting of the Copley society. It isn't wildly exciting, but the girl who expects to make her living as an illustrator or decorator isn't looking for more than an occasional frolic. Her art is her keenest pleasure.

The most exhilarating affair in the artist community comes off when the Copley society gives one of its famous "parties." "The time before the artists' festival is the most exciting of the whole year," writes Miss Jean N. Oliver, miniature painter, art writer and good gossip of the Boston colony. "Everybody is sewing or otherwise working on costumes made up of all sorts of materials."

"One girl made a costume costing less than \$2, which received the full approval of the critical costume committee. She bought a remnant of the palest blue satin, and, after a prolonged study of Abbey's decorations in the public library, evolved a Gothic dress of 'Blanche Fleur,' the little rose-crowned bride in the decoration. Her veil was borrowed, her roses white ones touched up with the color of a pink ink, her long brown braids extended by the means of unravelled strands of rope, dyed brown to match her own hair, and her jewels were hairpins, the pin part cut off and the gems sewed on with gold-colored thread to gold braid. Her queer shoes were simply pieces of felt like a flat cornucopia and drawn over her modern slippers, forming a medieval toecap."

"Another girl tells of an elaborate gold net, studded with diamonds, this being made of a piece of fine mesh fish-net, first stretched over a board and then gilded with light gold paint. When dry, the diamonds—small rhinestones—were stuck on with cement where the strands crossed, and the setting gilded, too. This same girl it was who needed an elaborate gold-embroidered robe, and she bought small square tiles of openwork design, gilded them heavily with the ever-useful gold paint, and made herself a most royal-looking gown."

"Another stirring epoch is when the artist girl is preparing for a studio exhibition, and calls in the assistance of all her friends and relatives to help her sketch and paint her studies in order. Mats have to be cut for water colors which are then mounted on them. Sometimes, to save time, she attempts gilding her frames. 'The whole building knows it, if she does for the banana gold' used for this purpose has an odor as penetrating as a whole grove of decayed bananas."

Many studio occupants also make themselves noted through their devotion to little handicraft ventures of their own. Those who are at work in the department of design, presided over by C. Howard Walker, are naturally ready to turn to such avocations. A girl who is studying in the drawing and painting classes of the school is pretty likely to know that she is not ready to paint pictures for sale—Mr. Benson or Mr. Tarbell stand ready to discuss her of the kind twice a week—but she is very apt to fancy that she can add to her allowance by burning wood, or painting china or embossing leather or hammering brass. Some do make money this way; others only succeed in making a noise which their neighbors describe as infernal.

### ORIGINAL SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Worked the Burning Cigar Trick Many Years Ago.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

"I remember witnessing an incident in a celebrated detective play that was strikingly similar to one in my experience during the first street railway strike in St. Louis, nearly a quarter of a century ago." Chief of Detectives William Desmond said to me one evening, in his blue-tinted office. "That strike was marked by much rioting and violence, and one of the last serious overt acts of the strikers or their sympathizers was the blowing up of a car on Seventeenth street and Washington avenue. The perpetrators of the crime were not easily unearthed, and I was one of those working on the case when a tip came to me that the man actually responsible was in hiding in East St. Louis. Try as I would, I couldn't discover the man's hair by hook or crook; wasn't even able to discover any facts about him; but I knew my tip was correct. At this juncture I succeeded in getting a confederate into the confidence of certain men in St. Louis from whom I thought he could get some valuable information. Within a week I had discovered that a plan was on foot to get the fugitive out of the country, and that on a specified date, about a week later, a meeting, ostensibly an ordinary lodge meeting, would occur in East St. Louis, when ways and means toward this end would be definitely settled. The name and hiding place of the man we wanted were insisted upon to advance, but at least we were making some progress, and about three days later we learned that the fugitive was to be smuggled out of East St. Louis on the very night of the meeting, a committee having been already selected to carry the funds raised at the gathering directly to the fugitive, and we were after and see him off. My confederate had succeeded in securing a place on the committee and the rest appeared to be easy, but, unfortunately, on the night of the meeting, it blew up a bad rain storm; the skies were absolutely black and there were no street lights in East St. Louis. How were myself, my brother officer and the East Side detective appointed to go with us, to follow the committee on its way to the lair?"

"It must be kept in ignorance of the shadowing, and, therefore, we must keep some distance behind, so as to neither be seen or heard, but at the same time not see or hear a black night we could not see him. I was puzzled for awhile, when I hit on the burning cigar plan. The confederate provided himself with a number of cigars and a plentiful supply of matches, and the plan arranged was that he was to keep



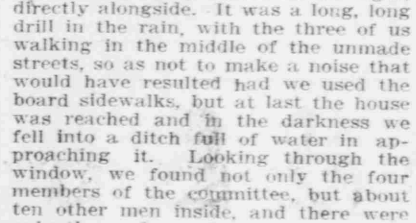
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**Tracing the Taint.**  
(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)  
"Who's your father, my little man?"  
"Mister Brown is my father."  
"And what's his business?"  
"He runs a bucket shop."  
"And where have you been?"  
"I've been to have my hair cut."  
"Did you pay for it?"  
"And don't you know the money you gave the barber was tainted?"  
"Aw, 'taint de money dat smells so—it's de hair oil."

**Stupid Man.**  
(Philadelphia Press.)  
Mr. Newlied—Goodness! this little shriveled loaf of bread is as heavy as lead. I'll bet you forgot to put yeast in it to make it rise.  
Mrs. Newlied—Well, stupid, if it had risen it would still be bigger.  
Mr. Newlied—Well, if it was bigger it would be heavier still, wouldn't it?

"THE FATE OF A CROWN" will appear in weekly installments, beginning in The Herald, Sunday, June 4.



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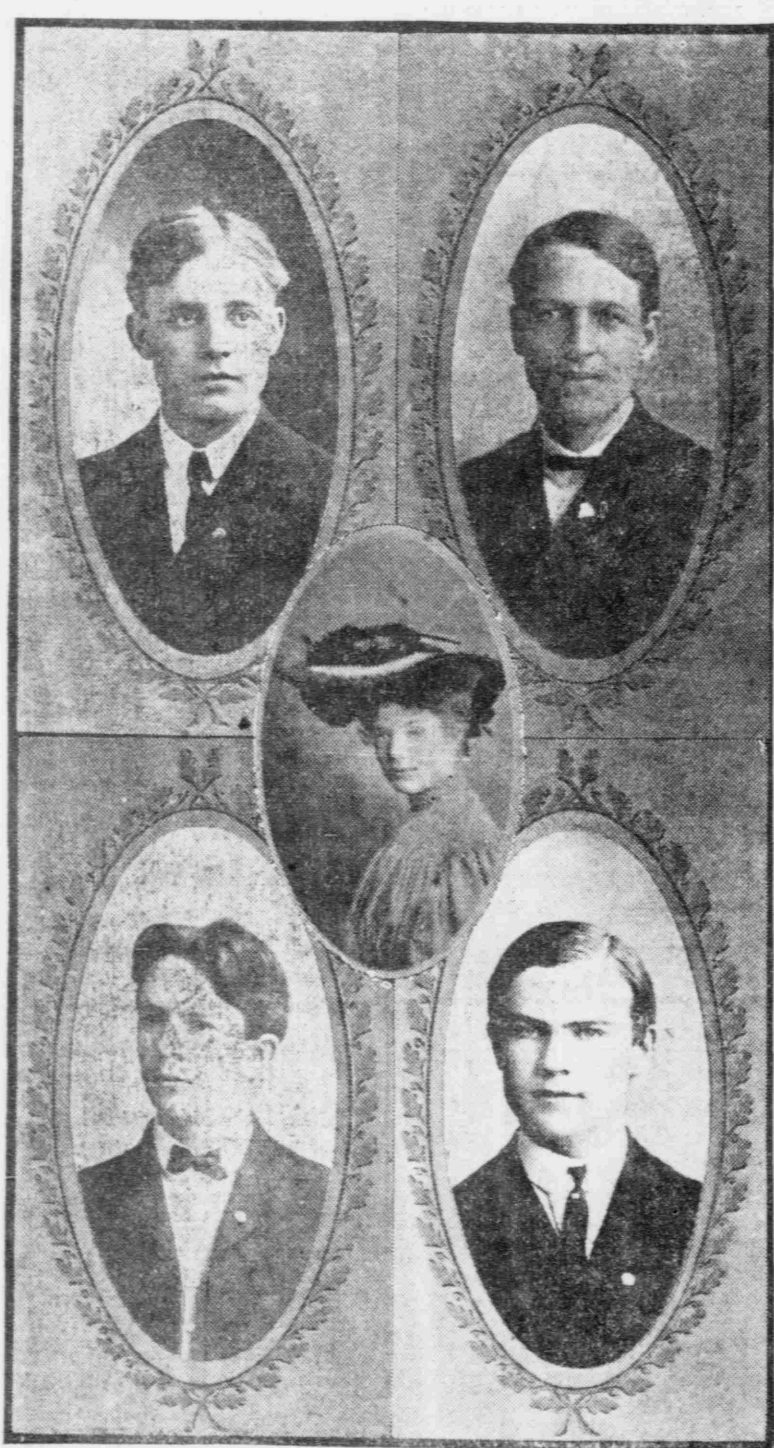
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## Large Class Leaves High School This Week

(Continued from Page 3.)

L. Royal Martineau, President. Warner Thompson, Vice President.



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Harry Alley, Treasurer. Fred A. Hale, Jr., Chairman Class Day Committee.

boys have leaned toward the scientific. Only one girl has combined the English with the commercial courses. The class has stayed almost intact from the date of its entrance to the school four years ago.

Here are the names, with the courses: Rita L. Frick, classical; Jennie B. Glaser, electrical; Kate Groo, classical; Jessie L. Harper, classical; Edna Havener, electrical; Jean Hayward, English; Edna May Hemphill, classical; Rosemary L. Holland, scientific; Rita Jackson, English; Irene Judges, English; Gertrude Kelly, English; Irene Kelly, English; Clara K. Kenyon, English commercial; Jovetta A. Lamb, English; Abbie Lowe, English; Ella Lowenstein, electrical; Laura E. Mason, classical; Grace Lyons, classical; Lloyd W. Brooks, classical; Webster P. Cary, scientific; Ralston Snow Gibbs, scientific; Ralph L. Hartley, scientific; John T. Kenhart, scientific; Martin A. Kever, classical; Walter Scott Keyting, electrical; Lloyd J. Lathrop, scientific; Lyman Royal Martineau, Jr., scientific; Fred W. Monahan, scientific; Arthur E. Morston, scientific; Ray B. Needham,

electrical; Arthur B. Parsons, classical; Dee D. Stockman, scientific; Vernon M. Samuels, scientific; Warner K. Thompson, scientific; Harrison Woodbury, scientific; Elmer Newton Wolff, electrical; Bessie May Allen, English commercial; Bessie Alice Hancock, classical; Sophie Bateman, electrical; Zaida E. Bothwell, English; Florence Bowman, English; Lila Bradford, English; Myrtle Jometta Brown, English; May Brunton, scientific; Viola M. Burrill, English; Gertrude Clayton, English; Edith Caroline Cleveland, classical; Elizabeth Vardley Critchlow, classical; Bessie V. English, classical; Julia Catherine Cullen, classical; Ora Dunford, classical; Adella Edwards, English; Edna Estell Evans, English; Millie Lyons, classical; Jennie Mac Miles, English; Abelaide Odell English, Eva D. Fisher, electrical; Rosella Ann Scotland, classical; Ruby Ruth Seranton, English; Gertrude Patterson, electrical; Sarah I. Sheekel, scientific; Florence M. Smith, English; Eleanor Stewart, electrical; Irene A. Sudbomer, classical; Hattie L. Tremayne, English; Nellie Welch, electrical; Maud L. Williams, scientific; Harry M. Williams, scientific; James E. Alpert, scientific; Joseph A. Barrows, scientific; Harold M. Berkley, classical.

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